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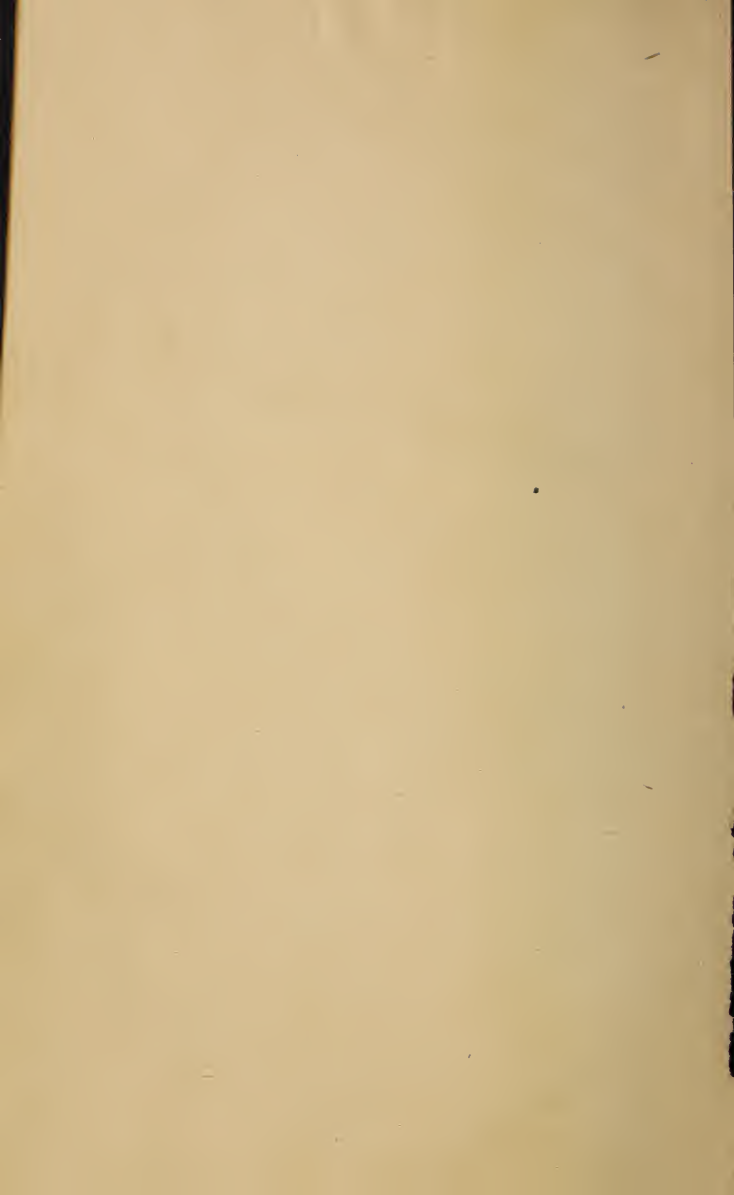
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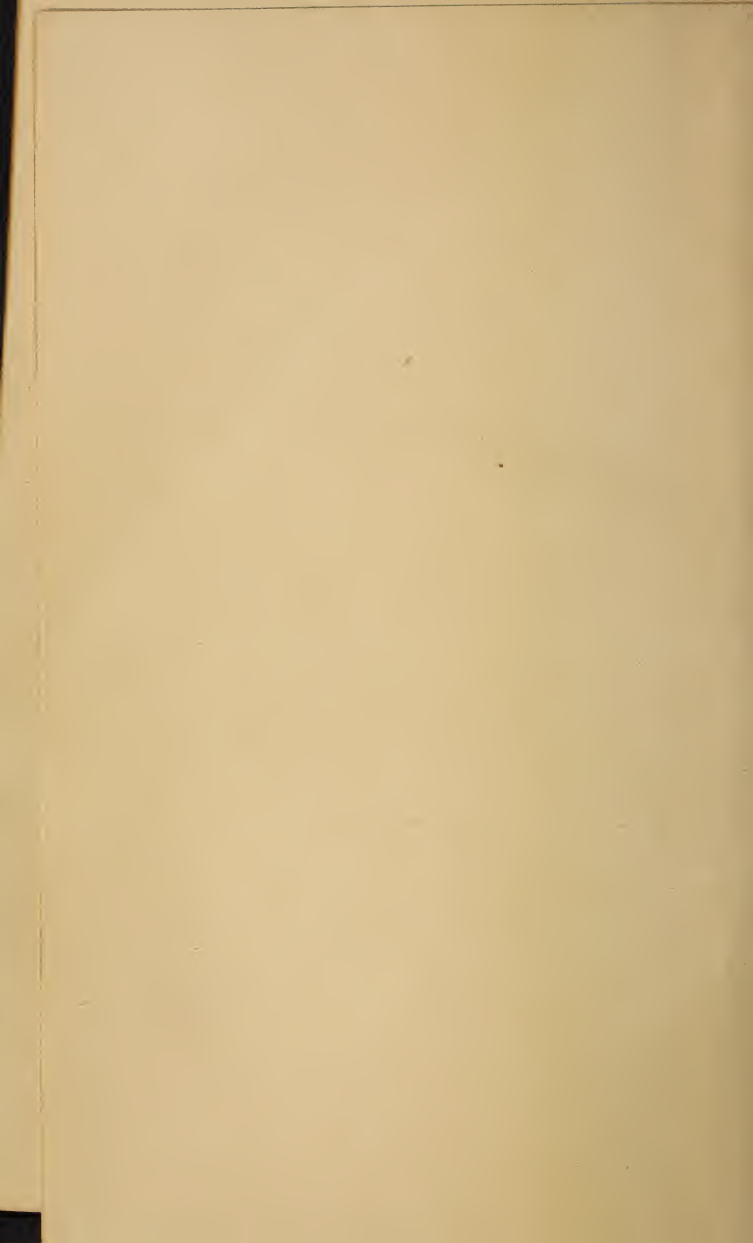
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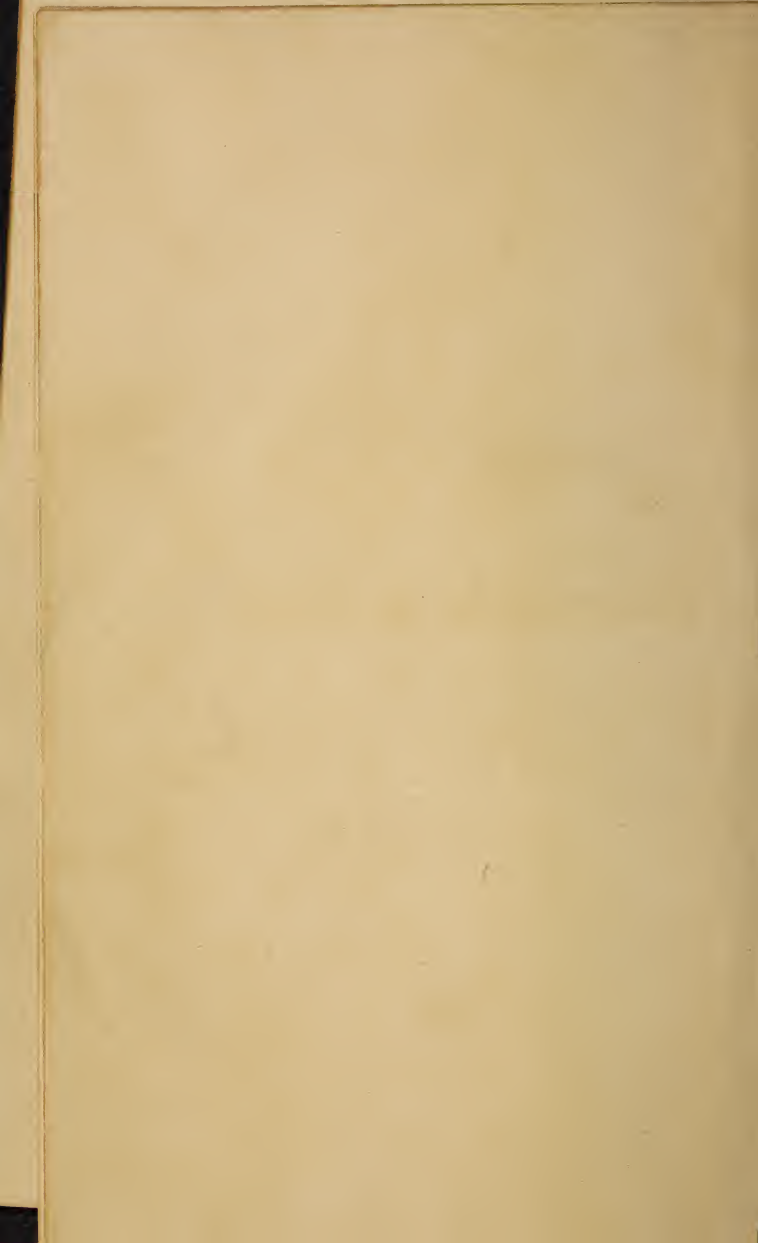
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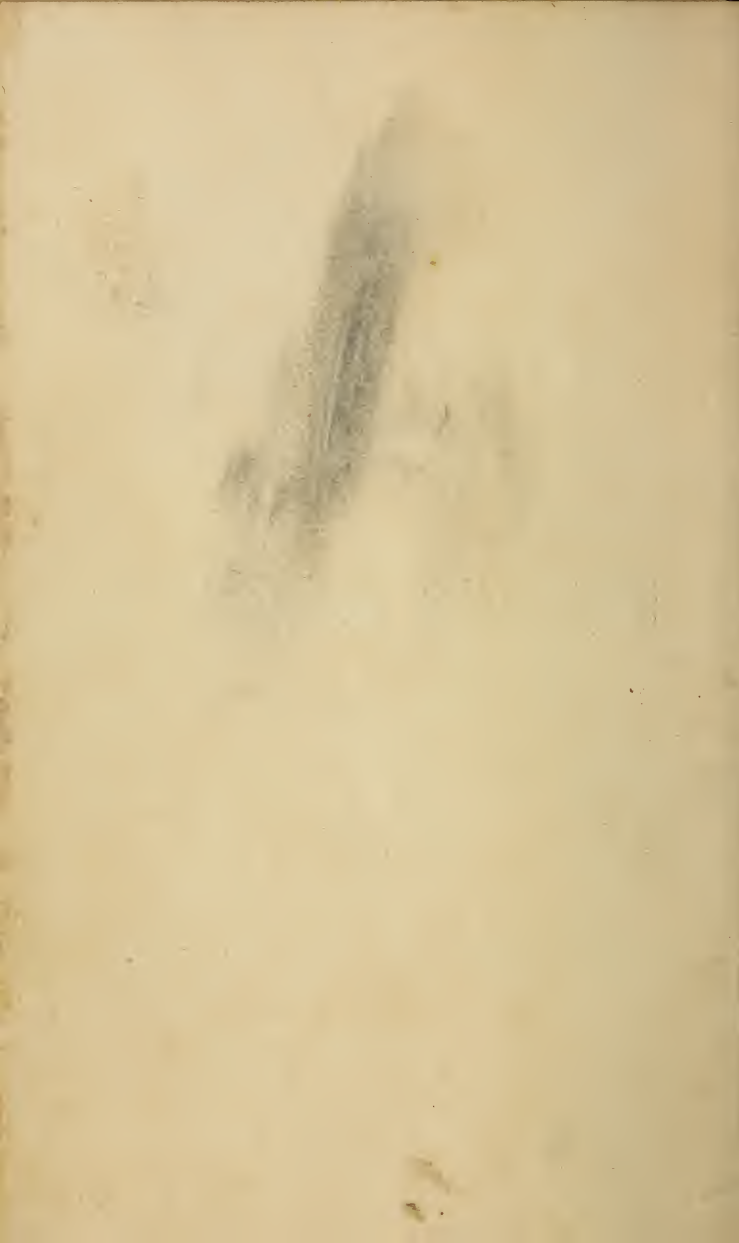








Poems & Songs.

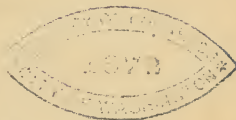


POEMS
AND
SONGS,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

BY

Robert
✓
R. K. DOUGLAS.



A. MACREDIE,

11. SOUTH ST DAVID'S STREET,
EDINBURGH.

1824.

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1824

————— “UBI QUID DATUR OTI
ILLUDO CHARTIS.” HORAT.

J. Pillans & Son, Printers, Edinburgh.

TO

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, Esq.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT PROOF OF THE AFFECTION OF HIS

OLD FRIEND AND FELLOW-STUDENT,

THE AUTHOR.



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MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

LOVE AND WEDLOCK.

S_{AE} bright, in ilka poet's line,

Love glows—his pleasures sae divine !

His pains sae slightly rated !

That fouk wad think, thae rhymin' Sirs

War a' a string o' bachelors,

Or else had wives they hated.

If Hymen, wi' a random verse,
They greet, sae halting and sae hairse
 Drags on the dull narration,
As plainly shaws, whate'er they sing,
The sang in duty has its spring,
 And no' in inclination.

That Courtship has its blessings, I
Am no' sae silly's to deny—
 I've prov'd them ane and a';—
But to maintain I shall be bauld,
For ilka good to lovers tauld,
 The married man has twa.

And then sae soothing's Wedlock's cup!
Wi' doubts and fears no' mingled up,

Like Cupid's tempting pill,
That piercing through, wi' venom'd smart,
Inflames the blood, an' fires the heart,
An' gars the head-piece reel.

The miller, that to spring-fed rill,
A wintry syke, frae aff the hill,
Preferr'd, wild dashing down,—
That brak his wheels, his tackle tore ;—
Ye'd dout, whatever heart he bore,
The soundness o' his crown.

An' just sae wise the man I deem,
Prefers love's fond an' feverish dream
To wedlock's waking pleasures—

A passing meteor to the sun !

A gamester's fortune, tint whan won,

To undecaying treasures !

To sit by Chloe's side on bank,

Whan nights are raw an' grass is dank,

Rheumatic pains to catch them,—

Is sweet ; yet sweets like these, I think,

A bigget wa', a fire's bright blink,

May mak a fen' to match them.

To wander through the deep lone vale,

What time the bean-flower scents the gale,

I grant too very pleasing ;

But mortal bliss is ne'er secure,—

A mistress may forget the hour,

Or, if she mind, be teasing.

An' be she kind as kind can be,
The pointing hand, the envious e'e,
The sweetest trysts, destroys them ;
For though the swain may little care,
I never yet knew virgin fair
Sae firm as to despise them.

Now, whan we wander, Bess and I,
The bean, for ought I smell or spy,
As sweet as ever blows ;
An' wha us marks, we neither care
Nor ken, but stray, or here or there,
As whim or pleasure draws.

Bright is the blue of Chloe's een !
How their gleg glance, by a' unseen

But ane, the heart-strings thrills !
Yet thine, my Bess ! are just as clear,
An' just as sweet to me appear,
Whan love, uncheck'd, them fills.

True—thou wilt fail ! that cheek divine,
Its tint vermillion soon maun tine ;
These locks o' glossy brown,
That, curling, shade thy ivory brow,
Pass twa-three years, will, chang'd their hue,
Hing lyart o'er thy crown.

Brief is the round of bustling life !
To lover, husband, maid, and wife
How soon it speeds about !

Wrinkles will ridge the smoothest skin !

The sweetest mouth at last fa' in !

The whitest teeth fa' out !

Ah ! where is then the sighing swain ?

Ah ! where is then the mistress vain,

In silks and laces flaring ?

Unheard, unpitied, and alone,

They heave the sigh, they pour the moan,

And sink,—no mortal caring !

For us,—we've grown, we'll fade thegither !

An', whan owre fail'd to help ilk ither,

We'll lean upon our bairn !

So calmly waiting to the close,

An' when it comes, to our repose

Slip canny, arm in arm.

TO BETSY.

WHEN the flowers are all dead, and the trees are
all bare,

And the music has ceas'd from the spray ;

When, shrouded in vapour, dull, comfortless, drear,

Rough Winter rules o'er the brief day ;

When we shrink to our coverts, and sigh at the blast,

That sings as of Nature the knell ;

On the bloom that's to come, and the bloom that
is past,

How pleasing, in fancy, to dwell !

Even so, when our wanderings in Life's chequer'd
way,

My Betsy ! draw nigh to their close ;
When o'er that ripe cheek, and those ringlets so gay,
Old Time spreads his wrinkles and snows,—
O'er the innocent pleasures our youth has enjoy'd,
Fond Memory enamour'd will rove ;
And Hope will anticipate, Faith her meek guide,
Spring blest as eternal above !

EPISTLE TO ———.

DEAR GEORGE, I ken, what glads or grieves

Your friend's the same to you :

Tak for a letter, then, this tale,

Nae simpler than 'tis true.

As owre the heights, the ither day,

Wi' tentless step I stray'd,

E'eing the wee bit siller burn,

That through the allers play'd;

Wha spied I but my ain sweet lass

Come tripping down the loan!

If bliss unlook'd for 's double bliss,

Then I was blest, you'll own.

O! think ye that my pulse was slow,

Or lag or lame my feet,

As down the steep, and through the stream,

I dash'd, the maid to meet?

Her neck was like the saut sea faem!

Her lip the coral stane!

A heart o' ice they wad hae thow'd,—

An' mine, gude kens, is nane.

O! wha had seen, nor lang'd to press

That lip that breath'd delight?

O! wha had seen, nor lang'd to clasp

That neck sae smooth and white?

O! wha had met his love her lane,

Bright beaming a' her charms,

Whan aughteen danc'd alang his veins,

Nor grasp'd her in his arms?

An' she was blithe, as blithe as I,

Although she wadna own;

Though aft she blushed, and aft she tried,

But tried in vain, to frown.

Fu' light the honied moments flew !

Sae light they ne'er war miss'd !

Whan wha d'ye think !—her dame hersel'

Was on us ere we wist.

My arm, that twined her jimp sma' waist,

Right theeveless back I drew ;

And how I looked I'll let you guess—

Not over bauld, I trow.

“ What hauds ye here ? ” wi' angry tone,

The carking auld wife cried ;

“ The claiths, an' ye had spread them out,

Might lang or this been dried.”

“ Dear mother ! ” meek the maid replied,

“ The shower has held me still ;

'Tis but a minute since the sun
Shot glentin owre the hill :"—

And, as she spak, to me a glance,
Half-pain'd, half-pleas'd, she threw,
That plainly said, " The shower that held
The claithes an' me—was you."

The auld guidwife gaed bustling roun',
While Love looked laughing on ;
An' a' the while she grumbling flate
Until the wark was done.

I waited till her tongue was tired,
And hame she'd ta'en the way ;
Syne kiss'd and parted, but first vowed
To meet some ither day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE X.

IMITATED.

O DECK'D by the bounty of nature in vain !
Created to bless, and delighting to pain !
Continue, fair Lucy ! my sighs to deride ;
The hour is approaching will humble your pride.
When those ringlets, that float o'er your shoulders
so gay,
Are shed like the leaf, or are mingled with grey ;

When that cheek, now so rounded and rosy, you
view,

Like an overkept apple, in wrinkles and hue.—

As you gaze on your mirror, too honest by far,
And think what you once were, and see what you
are,

You'll wish then, believe me ! with tears in your
eyes,

That age were less homely, or youth were more wise.

EPISTLE TO ———.

GIN you, town-bred and soft, can bear
To press a timmer-bottom'd chair,

Or, but a grumble, supper on
A sybie and a butter'd scone ;
Soon as thae presents ye shall see,
Swith aff to L——s Jamie flee !
Down wi' your cash, secure your seat,
And wast niest mornin' tak the gate !
Welcome's maist a' I hae to gie ye,
Yet, troth, I'm wearyin' sair to see ye.

Last owk, nae mair, the sow was kill'd,
And weel our wife the puddings fill'd ;
Last owk I coft—nae matter where—
A keg ('tis sma', but it will sair,)
O' as gude stuff, I'm free to vow,
As ever wat a thirsty mou',—

Brew'd i' the hills—I mauna tell
The spot, for fear some gauger smell,
(Rogues at aught gude that seldom ettle,)
And cleek awa the puir man's kettle.
You'll find it strong eneugh, I'se swear,
And Betty's ee's no hauf sae clear.

The morn, ye ken, is Saturday,
Whan brats and masters tak the play ;—
I'll meet you on the Loudon side,
And see you cannie o'er the tide.
If ance my ha' ye catch a sight o't,
By friendship's bands, we'se hae a night o't!
O what a crack we'se hae ! nae faught
To balance ilka word and thought,

And sagely screw the phiz, for fear
That gowks may at our clavers sneer,
Nae tell-tale fool daur dyt my door,
Or faith he'd trudge the winnock o'er !

Let my grave townsmen shake the head,
An' swear the d——'s daft indeed ;
Let them, wha godlier fowk thought wud be,
Cry, " He's nae better than he sud be :"
What tho' they fule or faithless stile me,
Their clash will neither cow nor kill me.
Far greater fule is he indeed,
Wha starves himsel' his heirs to cleed ;
Far less his faith, I trow, wad thraw
Nae care on Providence at a'.

Sic taunts I reck not,—no a preen ;
I'll freely spend what's freely gien ;
An', whan I quat the grip, e'en lea'
My bairns, the best a dad can gi'e,
Hale bouks, hale hearts, to warsle through
The warld, like him, the best they dow.

Leeze me on drink ! what can it no do ?
Be't wine, or just plain whisky toddy.
The veriest wretch in Fortune's train,
Grows bauld wi' drink, and hopes again.
That ravel'd skein, the human heart,
Sae twined by nature and by art,
Just steep it in a wee drap spirit,—
How easy then to wind and clear it !

Drink clears the een, and smoothes the brow,—
An' wha wants wit or words whan fou?
Or cares, tho' pains and poortith bide him,
Sae lang's a reeking bowl's beside him?
Come then, auld friend! and tak thy swing o't,
An' prove if true what bardies sing o't.
Come then! and Johnnie wi' thee bring,
O' honest cocks the wale and king;
An' Sandy, wi' his sangs and glee,—
A chiel that wadna wrang a flie;
And P—— too, if thou can get him,
If 's watches and his wife will let him.
Bring them, bring mae—our room's but sma',
But we'll mak fen' to stow you a'.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

Lo ! Winter's rugged reign is o'er !
The trees resume their robes once more ;
And hill and dale, all round, are seen
Clad in the eye-delighting green.
No more sweet Teviot, roaring, brown,
With mountain spate, swift dashes down ;
But calm and clear, his banks within,
Slides to the Tweed with lessen'd din.

No more, around the sheltered seat,
The silly sheep, dull, storm-pinch'd, bleat ;
But bounding seek the distant hill,
Cheer'd by the laverock carolling shrill.

Now wandering home, in upland glens,
The nighted shepherd far off kens
The fairies light, in airy ring,
Tripping glad welcome to the spring.

Thus ceaseless cireles round the year !
Spring blossoms but to disappear ;
The summer heats a moment burn,
Then yield to autumn in their turn ;

Till winter, in the rear of all,
On nature let the curtain fall.—
Thus circles life.—The simple child,
Swift sinks in youth, loud, frolic, wild !
As swiftly, manhood quits the field
To dull, cauld, joyless, drooping eild !

The sun, that sets at eve, again
Springs, vigorous, from the western main ;
The spring, that sinks in summer's glow,
Again shall rise from Winter's snow :
But we, the great ! the wise ! the good !
When once we take the downward road,
That Bruce and Wallace trod before,
What are we ? sordid dust—no more.

Say, Stephens ! shall we sit us down,
Like him that wore the Persian crown,
And weep the fate of short-liv'd man ?
Or shall we laugh as lang's we can ?
What prophet, skill'd in fate, can say
If we shall live another day ?
Or wha, though skill'd, wi' a' his lore,
Can lengthen life by ae short hour ?

Awa then grief ! awa then care !
Let's haud by pleasure while we're here !
If ance we fa'—then a' is owre ;—
Nor wealth, nor wit, nor place, nor power,
Nor a' thy gab, nor a' thy glee,
Will light again the death-quench'd ee.

Valour and worth, in vain, deplore
The hapless fate of gallant Moore ;
And, vainly, weeping genius mourns
O'er the low grave of matchless Burns !
Wrapp'd in eternal sleep they lie,
Nor heed nor hear a mortal's cry.

MOUNTAIN DEW.

THE highlandman's bauld, the highlandman's free,
His arm is strong and his heart is true.—
What gies the highlandman courage and glee ?
What but the drops of his mountain dew.

When toss'd in the ocean o' carking and care,
When fortune looks black and friends are few,
What maks the highlandman conquer or bear?
The magic drops of his mountain dew.

O wha would leave sickness and sorrow behind?
O wha would keep pleasure and health in view?
Let him nerve his bare limbs in the mountain wind,
And warm his heart with the mountain dew.

Joy to thy lovers! and dool to thy foes!
Land of the heather and hills so blue!
Thy weapon to these, and thy welcome to those,—
The broad claymore and the mountain dew.

HORACE, BOOK V. ODE II.

IMITATED.

O BLESS'D ! thrice bless'd ! who free from cares,
Like his great grandsire, Adam, wears,
By unperceiv'd degrees, away
This brief and mostly clouded day,
Far from the tumult, noise, and strife,
And all the idle farce of life.

No clarion calls him from repose ;
No clarion, save the cock's, he knows :
The fields he ploughs, his hook and share,
His only fields and weapons are.

The storm that heaves the wintry main,
Where nighted sailors toil in vain,
While on his cottage it doth beat,
But serves to make his rest more sweet.

He ne'er has heard of lawyers' wiles,
Nor cares he for the great ones' smiles ;
The sun's his patron,—for his rays,
To ripe his corn and fields, he prays ;
Yet doth he never envious view
His poorest neighbour share them too.

No dull and tasteless trade he drives,
Like him that penn'd in cities lives ;
Each varying season of the year,
Fresh pleasures and fresh tasks endear.
Now the trim garden asks his care,
To prune or graft the luscious pear ;
Along the sunny wall to stretch
The apricot, or downy peach ;
Or, to its sloping roof, to join
The weak and else unfruitful vine ;
Or bid the woodbine creep on high,
To form his summer canopy.

And now the farm——When spring doth smile,
He drops the seed, or turns the soil ;

And, mindful of the coming storm,
While yet the summer sun is warm,
The herbage of the watery meads,
Before the parching ray he spreads ;
When snows descend and fields are bare,
His shelter'd herds delicious fare.

And when the brown depending ear
Speaks autumn's merry season near,
(Autumn, when every glen and wood
Echo the cry of gratitude,)
Then quits its pin the dusty hook ;
In order gay upsprings the shook ;
Home cheerily rolls the loaded wain ;
The yard is fill'd, secur'd the grain.

How sweet the rest that toil bestows,
No sauntering idler ever knows !
Now in the shade, now in the sun,
He stretches him, his labour done ;
While merle's deep-ton'd melody,
Laverocks' shrill warble, cushat's cry,
And wild brook, babbling, fretting by,
Soothe him to sleep with Nature's lullaby.

When winter chains him to repose,
Loud blustering midst his rains and snows ;
When Phœbus' faint-felt beams retire,
And hang him o'er the evening fire ;
He turns his well-thumb'd ballads o'er,
His chief, almost his only lore ;

Where self-taught bards, in numbers rude,
Paint battle fray and lady woo'd,
Or infants left to roam the wild,
By avarice from their home beguil'd,—
Though scant belief such stories gain,
Where peace and mercy ever reign.

Thus years on years unheeded fly,
In ever new variety ;—
No fever fierce his youth destroys,
No lingering pain his age annoys ;—
The wheel of life moves smoothly round,
Till the last turn of the chain's unwound.

O fools ! that fly these stingless sweets,
For crowded towns and dinsome streets !

Where every breeze disease conveys,
And misery every nook displays ;
Where all the sins that stain the mind,
And pains that vex the frame, are join'd ;
And foul examples ceaseless rise,
To slay the weak, and shake the wise :
While to the swain each varying view
Gives pleasure and instruction too.
Blest state ! where fortune's every turn
Is best enjoyed, or easiest borne ;
Where Peace soothes life, and meek-eyed Faith
Strews roses round the couch of death !

ANACREONTIC.

AWA, ye silly solemn fools †
 Wi' a' your saws, an' a' your rules,
 Wad mak blithe aughteen's merry corps,
 As douse and donart as fourscore.
 The silent tongue, and sober brow,
 O' gude's name keep as lang's ye dow ;
 But leave the bairns their play an' sang,—
 They'll a' be quiet enough ere lang.
 August wi' fruits may strew the plain ;
 But let sweet May her flowers retain.

Oh ! but it warms my heart, to meet
A ranting, roaring, careless set
O' canty boys, on fun a' bent !—
Shame fa' the drone that lags ahint !
I'm nane—for a' my hobbling pace,
And lyart locks, I lead the chace :
And lead I will, as lang's I ha'e
Or pith or wind, give in wha may !
An' whan they fail, wi' honour yield,
Like a gude soldier, in the field.

WRINKLED ELD.

HECH Sirs ! but time will slip away !
My locks are wearing thin an' grey ;
My teeth, that wont langsyne to shaw
Like beads o' pearl, in shining raw,
That sailor's hardest bake ne'er wrang'd,
Nor year-auld skim-milk kebbuck bang'd,—
Now haffins tint, and haffins loose,
Hae neither beauty left nor use.

But yesterday and I was young,—
And now my trunk's as stiff's a rung.
O ! joyfu' hours o' youthfu' prime !
O ! joyfu' hours that late were mine !
The sang, the dance, the drink, the play,
The ranting night, the vacant day,
The gloamin tryst, and, bliss o' bliss !
The whisper soft, and hauf stown kiss !
The heart but care, and bouk but pain,—
Ah ! are ye gane ? for ever gane ?
Oh ! but the winter o' thy year,
Son of the dust, is dark and drear !
Behind regret,—and a' to come
Wrapp'd in impenetrable gloom !

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XXXI.

IMITATED.

WHAT seeks the bard? why to the skies,
With anxious meaning, turn his eyes?
What mighty good evokes a prayer
From one who looks so seldom there?
Say, does he sigh for Sinclair's flocks,
Or twenty thousand in the stocks?
Hopetoun's high mountains would he gain,
Or fertile Lothian's fertile plain?—

Lothian, where, winding to the sea,
The Tyne steals slow and silently—
My ain sweet Tyne ! unkenn'd to sang,
Though worthy ane a Scots ell lang.

The slave, in happier climes, may squeeze
The grape, a haughty lord to please !
In siller cup the merchant drain
The drink that peril bought and pain !
Grant me, ye powers ! a whisky gill,
Plain hoddin grey, and scones at will,
Sound sense, a heart frae canker clean,
Wi' health to bruik the gudes ye've gien :—
An' whan age chains my limbs, O lea'
The wings o' roving fancy free !

Swan-like, in sang, to pass away
The last dull scene o' life's dull play.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XIX.

IMITATED.

W_{HY} mourn, my friend, in doleful strain,
O'er mighty Moore, untimely slain?
Why chant, in measures low and tame,
The glories of the veteran Grahame?

Why strive a feeble voice to raise,
Amid a shouting nation's praise ?

Swith ! beet the ingle, steak fast the door !
Without let blustering winter roar !
Shine, sang-inspiring wine ! a wee,
We'll roar within as loud as he.
See where hauf-clouded sinks the moon !
Fill, lads ! we'll drink the blinker down.
To Time now ! dip him in the bowl !
His wheels will swifter, smoother roll.
Come ! odds are lucky ;—bumpers roun' !
And let " The Kirk " the circle crown !
What cramp has seiz'd the fiddler's arm ?
Why sleeps the dance-provoking thairm ?

Strike up ! a reel !—Come ! hand in hand
We'll move, lads ! if we downa stand.
Laigh burn the lights ;—the stars decay ;—
See, glimmering in the east, the day !
It breaks ! it breaks ! away ! away !

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXVI.

IMITATED.

THE friend of song,—to nought but care a fae,—
Sae Fortune leave me sang behind ;

Tak what she like, the jad, away,

I whistle sorrow down the wind.

Let rock-bound Norse, devoid of soul,

Stoop to an upstart's base controul !

Let priest-led Spain, with trembling, see

A foe in every friend to liberty !

Tyrant or tool, they're all so mean,

They neither passion stir nor spleen.

Sweet Muse ! that lov'st to wander lone,

Where burnies tottle down the glen ;

And listen to the cushat's moan,

Far from the din and strife of men ;—

My queen ! my mistress and my a' !
Oh ! listen to thy bardie's ca' !
Quick twine a wreath ! the brightest flowers,
That scent the balmy gale of Spring,
Or bloom in Summer's sunny bowers,
And round my Betsy's neck the garland hing !
Ah ! weel it suits thee, frolic elf !
To wyle for her thy sweetest air,
Thy sweetest, safest lay prepare—
For her, as pure and lovely as thyself.

TO BETSY.

My Betsy is the bonniest lass,

Ye'll meet in simmer's day ;

The budding rose her cheeks surpass,

Her een the ripen'd slae.

Her waist sae jimp the breast wad warm

Of frozen age and pine ;

But o' a' her charms the dearest charm,—

Her heart is warm and kin'.

Were I condemn'd, the puirest wight,
That wons in Scotland's isle,
Frae mornin' dawn till darkling night,
At dyke or ditch to toil ;

Wi' rapture I wad hail my lot,
Its labours late and air,
If, when I wearied sought my cot,
My Betsy met me there.

War titles mine, and high command,
An' a' that fate can gie ;
Did hireling slaves, with cap in hand,
Wait watching on my ee ;

To lure me from her arms awa',
Nae mair her smile to share,

I'd spurn the glitterin' baubles a',
As quite below my care.

CONTRAST.

YON wee bit cot upon the knowe,
Wi' strae weel theekit owre,
Wi' lordly mansion when compar'd,
How paltry and how poor !

Yon laughin' lassie at her wheel,
Like laverock chanting clear,—
By braw-dress'd courtly dame if placed,
How plain wad she appear !

Yet yon wee cot I'd rather ca',
Than lordly ha', my hame ;
Yon laughing lass I'd rather win
Than brawest courtly dame.

Content yon cot her hame has made,
That courts sae seldom share ;
And truth dwells in that lassie's heart,
Wi' rich and gay as rare.

Nae gems her waving locks bedeck ;
Nae gems they need, I ween ;—
The brightest wad its lustre tine
Before her pawkie een.

Just peering, round her lily neck

The blue veins wand'ring stray ;

Wad richest band of orient pearl

Adorn it more than they ?

HORACE, BOOK V. ODE XIII.

IMITATED.

THERE'S not a patch of blue in all the sky !

The envious clouds have cover'd up the day !

Keen drives the sleet, and Boreas, whistling by,

Bends the old wood, and frets the foaming bay.

He bars us from our fields—what then? kind
Heaven

The wine cup and the couch has left us still.
Wrinkles avaunt! let's taste what's freely given,
Ere palsied fingers mock our feeble will.

Bring forth the lingering jar, ne'er tapp'd in vain;
Care, pain, foul weather—toss them to the wind!
Let the wheel trundle! a few weeks—again
Sol will peep forth, and fate once more be kind.

Come now, sweet nard! thy rich perfume dispense!
Come, Music! thy entrancing voice employ,
And lap in soft oblivion every sense!—
Well sung great Chiron to his matchless boy,

“ Unconquer’d son of Thetis ! the black fates
Have hollow’d out thy grave, where coldly pours
Scamander’s little urn, and Simois frets,
With sparkling course, by Ilium’s lofty towers.

“ In vain for thee a mother’s fondness burns !—
Drain the deep flagon ! let the chamber ring
With song ! Swift speeds the hour, and ne’er returns ;
Steep then, O steep in bliss the vagrant’s wing.”

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS,

IMITATED.

WHEN winds are laid, or gently creep

O'er the blue bosom of the deep ;

When, hushed as night its giant roar,

The still wave lips the silent shore ;

Smit with the fair and flattering scene,

I loathe the grove and meadow green ;—

No more, I cry, in sluggish ease,

I'll linger here, but try the seas.

But when bauld Boreas, tirling bare
Ilk tree and bush, begins to rair ;
When the vex'd waters, to the skies
Heaving their tops, in mountains rise,
And, curling in, stend to the land,
Wild thundering on their wa's o' sand ;—
The grove and glade I seek again,
And fly the horror-breathing main.

Oh ! dreary is the sailor's lot !
The sea his fields, his hame a boat !
In danger if he tempt the deep,—
In danger if the shore he keep,
Wi' but twa inch o' timmer's bield,
His bouk frae a dog's death to shield.

Here if the breeze, at noon, grow loud,
I seek the lown side o' the wood,
And humming o'er some auld Scots sang,
Stalk listening as it raves alang.
And whan the night begins to fa',
Close to the fire my stool I draw ;—
Then let it rair my winnock by
As loud as likes it ! what care I ?
When, slipping canny to my rest,
I sleep but sounder for the blast.

FROM A GREEK SCHOLIAST QUOTED
 BY ATHENÆUS,

IMITATED.

Wⁱ' my guid braid sword an' my guid right hand,
 I ask nae gowd, I ask nae land.
 Wi' a targe made of the tough bull's hide,
 O' fate and faes the blauds I bide.
 My sword sae clear is a lusty steer,
 That draws my plough baith late and air ;
 Ploughs my fields and saws them too,
 And pangs my yard and my barn fou'.

Wi' this the silken plaid I twine,
Wi' this I tread the bluid-red wine ;
My sword, my targe, my guid right hand,
To me are gowd, and house, and land.

A' roun', as far's I cast my ee,
Baith rich and puir pay kane to me ;—
Whare'er I gang, wi' cap in hand,
The coward hind waits my command ;
Viewing, wi' wonder and wi' fear,
The sword and targe he downa bear ;—
The sword and targe my right, my law !
My land, my house, my wealth, my a' !

ANACREON, ODE XXII.

IMITATED.

COME, Betsy ! come and sit wi' me
Beneath the shade o' this tall tree.
Sacred the hour to thee and love !
The breeze just whispers through the grove,
Just tirls the tapmast leaf, nor bends
The footstalk that the leaf suspends !
Nae ither sound, or far or near,
A' round, falls on the listening ear,

Save where hard by, outowre a lin,
A wee bit burn, scarce heard its din,
Fa's bullering down, and charms repose,
As down the grassy glen it flows.

Come, Betsy, then, my heart's first queen !
Enjoy wi' me this lovely scene !
Come, fairest ! and at once let's prove
The sweets of nature and of love.

ANACREON, ODE XI.

IMITATED.

O ER flood and field cast round your ee !

Frae ocean's monarch to the bee,—

Ilk creature's arm'd to meet the fae,

Or wing'd wi' speed to shun the fray.

Swift flies the maukin o'er the plain !

As swift the dolphin cleaves the main !

Stir the rough lion, and he shaws

His shaggy neck and tusked jaws ;

And man too plays his part fu' weel,

Wi' targe o' hide and brand o' steel.

Ah ! Nature ! ere thy pock was toom,
Couldst thou no find some weirlike loom,
To arm puir woman wi' the rest—
Last of thy works, but far the best !
Wi' hand o'er saft to grasp the spear,
Wi' arm o'er weak the shield to bear,
A silly feckless creature she,
And neither fit to fight nor flee !

The saft moist lip like scarlet thread,
The glancing ee like diamond bead,—
These are her arms ! wi' these the field
She bauldly takes, but spear but shield.
Whare'er she moves, her peerless sway,
King, cottar, young and auld obey ;—

Quench'd is the eye of war ; the brand,
Yet reeking, quits the warrior's hand ;—
The highest meed that waits the brave,
To live her votary and her slave !

ANACREON, ODE XXVI.

IMITATED.

OH ! leeze me on the barley bree !
Frae ilka care it sets me free,
Warms my heart, and gars me sing
As blithe and merry as a king.

The rich man's sneer, the great man's gloom,
I mark, and never fash my thumb ;—
Let me enjoy my cup and play,
I am as rich and great as they !

Oh ! fule that seeks, in fields of fame,
For death, sae easy found at hame !
Oh ! fule that trusts, an hour, his ease
To faithless ships and roaring seas !
Fortune ! o' fame scant share I ask,
It costs o'er dear : Gie me a flask,
And friend to share't ! tak thou the rest,
And deal it round as likes thee best.

What though, whan I get in my ale,
And roads are rough, a foot sud fail ?

A fou' man's fa' is seldom sair ;—
O' bairns and fou' folk heaven taks care.
But you, on deck or field, ance down,
Wi' broken ribs and crackit crown,
Before you rise, may lie in pain
For months, if e'er you rise again.—
Quit, quit the wars then, quit the sea,
And come and learn to live wi' me.

ANACREON, ODE XXXIV.

IMITATED.

SAY, winsome, wyling, witching lassie !
Wi' een sae sweet, and yet sae saucy !

What maks thee flee like frighted maukin,
Whene'er o' love I'd fain be taukin' ?

Now dinna cast a glance sae slee,
First at thy glass and then at me !—
I mark your rose but scanty blawn—
Mine haufins withered haufins faun ;
An' these thin locks amaist might shaw
For hue wi' thy saft neck o' snaw.
But lassie ! tent me ! time may wound
The bark's he likes—the core is sound !
His power's but skin deep yet, the heart
Is o'er weel guarded for his dart.
But were it frozen, thy twa een
Wad gar it loup like blithe aughteen.

ANACREON, ODE XXIII.

IMITATED.

If gowd could lengthen out my breath,
Or buy an hour's release frae death,
I'd labour for't baith late and air,
And watch o'er't wi a miser's care.
Syne when the dog cam to my dwallin',
I'd toss a bag out o'er the hallan,
And bid him try anither door,
Or seek employ amang the poor.

But if when ance he lifts his dart,
Nor human force nor human art,
Nor gowd nor gear, nor pomp nor power,
Can put him off a single hour ;—
Why rack my heart, and tine my sleep,
To gain them, or when gain'd to keep?

Tho' some gang soon and some gang late,
We a' maun tread the same drear gate ;
Maun leave the earth, and leave the skies,
And a' our hopes and a' our joys !
Let's spend our gear, then, while we may,
Ere night come on and stop our play !
Round wi' the bottle ! fill a glass !
And gie's a toast—a bonnie lass !

Out wi't ! though we at length maun yield,
We'll fight as lang's we keep the field.

RETROSPECTION.

IMITATED FROM THE SWEDISH.

OH ! well I mind the happy time—

'Tis but as yesterday !—

When childhood, innocence, and peace,

Strew'd roses in my way ;

When vice was known but as a scare,

And grief but liv'd to die ;

And, save my crabbed task at school,

All else was life and joy !

Then the smile was ever on my lips !

And health flow'd in my blood !

Then bliss still nestled in my heart !

Then all the world was good !

Each little romping rosy boy

Was then my loving brother !

My sister every little maid,

And every dame my mother !

How well I mind the daisied mead,

Where I scamper'd free as air !

How oft I, blythely, took the lead

At race or wrestling there !

How well I mind the tufted groves,
When the winds of summer blew,
Where I chased the wanton butterfly,
As from bank to bank it flew !

No guileful wish, no fear of guile,
Our artless bosoms knew ;
For every laughing playmate was
A friend as fond as true.

No cold distinctions marred our sports
In those days of truth and joy ;
Alike was the wealthy baron's son,
And the humble peasant's boy !

Then neither fear nor flattery sway'd
Our unbought praise or blame ;
For justice was our watchword still
In every childish game.

When the poor lad's bowl was launch'd aright,
And the rich one's went astray,—
The gay laced coat was push'd aside,
And the ragged won the day.

No plans of dark revenge were ours,
No lasting hate we cherish'd ;
The light-felt pain, the light-felt ire,
Together sprung and perish'd.

How sorely griev'd each little heart

At a much-lov'd comrade's cry !

When we heard the master's threatening voice,

And the lash was raised on high !

How blithely beat each little heart,

When our comrade's trial was past !

When we shared the hoarded cake with him,

Nor griev'd it was our last !

Time changes, and we change wi' time !—

Friends, lov'd so much before !

I know you not—and these cold looks

Acknowledge me no more.

Light-hearted boyhood past, we woo

The smiles of wealth and state !

And gold, and toys more mean than gold,

Make brethren brethren hate !

Though brown'd our necks with forty years,

Though press'd by care and time,

Still Fortune's steep and slippery heights

With eager step we climb !

And what, though sought in every land,

Has Fortune to impart ?

But a gay gold chain, and glittering star,

O'er a cold and joyless heart.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

IMITATED.

HE.

WHEN I was king in Betty's breast,

Ere pawkie Will cam near her,

Nae king was ever hauf sae blest,

Nae subject ever dearer.

SHE.

When Robbie's love was a' my ain,

Ere Nelly wyled him till her,

I wadna changed wi' Britain's Queen,

For a' her braws and siller.

HE.

Now winsome Nelly has my heart,—

Nae kinder lass nor fairer ;

Wi' life I'd frankly, freely part,

My Nell gin fate wad spare her.

SHE.

When Willy whispers tales of love,

And clasps me to his bosom,

Twice told the pangs of death I'd prove,

Ere sic a lad I'd lose him.

HE.

What if the flame, that burn'd sae clear,

Some chance again should light it ?

Were Nell to Rob nae langer dear,

Or Bess nae langer slighted ?

SHE.

Though Rob were wud and wild's the sea,

Will sweet as simmer weather ;—

Wi' Rob I'd live, wi' Rob I'd die,

Nor ask nor wish anither.

LECTORI BENEVOLO.

To a' this wee bit beuk that read it,

And grien to ken o' him that made it ;—

His state by nature or by grace—

His fashions—fortune—freaks, or face—

For fear sic griening spoil their rest,

These presents humbly are address'd.

In ilka neuk o' my wee house,
There's nought for show, nor much for use:—
Nae labours of the Turkish looms
Hide the plain planking o' my rooms ;
Nae siller-laden sideboard draws
My envying visitors' applause ;
My siller a breech-pouch will hide it,
When plentiest, and mair beside it.

For fortune, if the twa ends meet
At Hugmanay, I seldom fret.
Poortith the trance will whiles keek ben,
And whiles she'll fairly venture in ;
In troth, for a' my tulzies wi' her,
I'm seldom to ca' fairly free o' her ;—

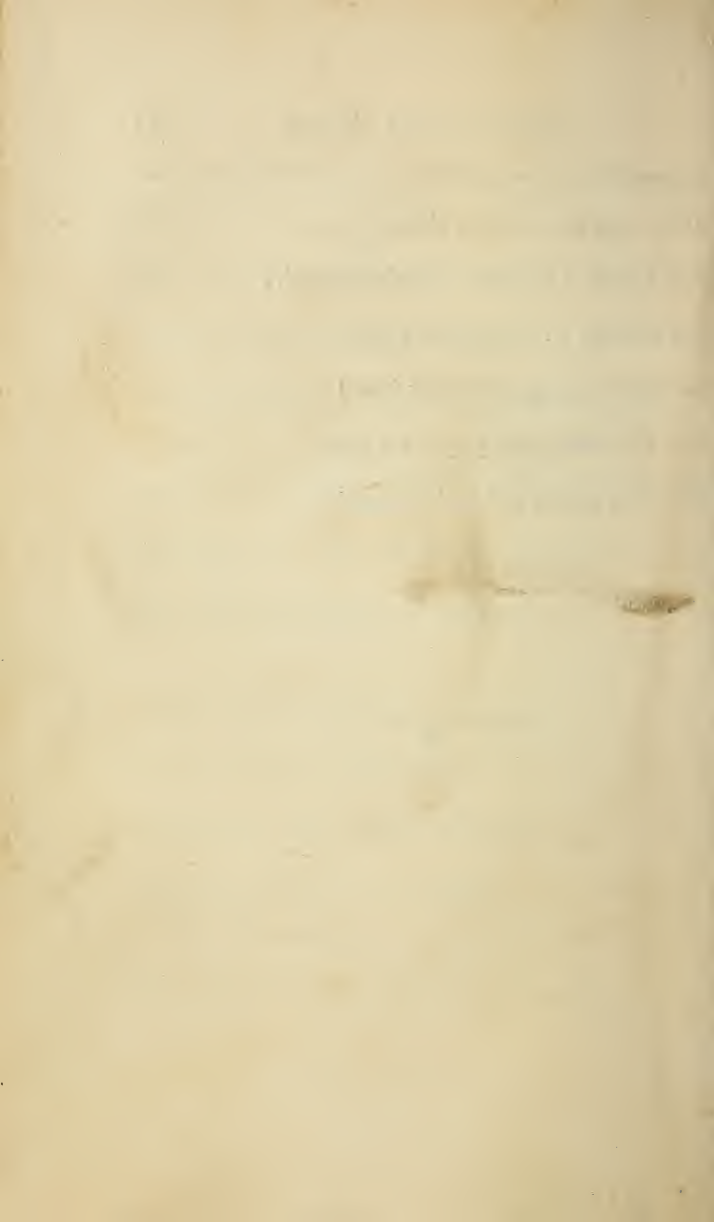
At times I think, indeed, she'll waur me,
But up or down she's never scaur me !
For person—I am lang and lean,—
Whey-faced, lank-jawed, wi' sand-blind een ;—
My guids, guid faith ! baith out and in,
Are kittler than my ills to fin' ;—
Aiblins I have na art to show them,
Or--aiblins I have fewer o' them.

A' flawing I abominate,
And lying warse than hell I hate ;—
In troth I'm, though it suits na weel
For me to say't, a downright chiel'.—
Walth wavers—and e'en let it flit !
But honesty I never quit ;—

Through foul through fair to my saul I hug it,
Nor man nor deil shall frae me rug it.
In godly shaw I'm sadly wanting,
The solemn phiz and accent canting,—
Cheap lures to catch the vulgar squad,
I have them not—I never had.
My light shines, (if I'm bless'd wi' ane,)
Like a dark lanthorn's, a' within.

My temper's just between the twa,
No' ill to cool, no' ill to blaw.
My passions, like my wit, will fire,
And fizz a moment, syne expire.
For lear, though thousands are before me,
Few things that come across me waur me

And, wad but laziness allow,
Few things I couldna warstle through :
But labours a', or sma' or great,
Or short or lang, I mainly hate !
And therefore gladly quit my pen,
With fair gudenight to honest men.



Songs.

apolog

“ That I, for puir auld SCOTIA's sake,
Some usefu' plan or buik could make,
Or sing a sang at least.”

apology

BURNS.

SONGS.

WI' LITTLE TO BORROW AND LITTLE
TO LEN'.

Tune—*My name is Argyle.*

Wⁱ' little to borrow and little to len',
Wi' little to get and wi' little to spen',
I jog on my gate without fashin' my thum',
An' fortune should smile or an' fortune should gloom;
Content an' my breeks and my bouk be but hale,
Sae lang's I've a bannock o' barley-meal.

Be my purse light or heavy, it maks na to me ;
Whan it's toom I'm content, whan it's fu' I am free.
Whan I meet wi' my friends, wi' my friends I am gay,
I can sing to mysel' whan my friends bide away.
Fail purse or fail friend then, my heart will ne'er fail,
Sae lang's I've a bannock o' barley-meal.

To sorrow, and naething but sorrow, a fae,
When troubles come cross me, I laugh them away.
The waves o' foul weather may riot and roar !
I jouk down my head, and I let them slip o'er.
I scorn at the world to sigh or to rail,
Sae lang's I've a bannock o' barley-meal.

Tho' my toiling and moiling be aften in vain,
I'm never sae beat but I'll try them again ;

Be the brae e'er sae stay a stout heart will win past,
Blaw the blast e'er sae loud it will lown at the last;
Let it blaw in my teeth then, or blaw in my tail,
Sae lang's I've a bannock o' barley-meal.

SONG.

THE ROSE HAS ITS THORN AND THE
BEE HAS ITS STING.

Tune—*Bide ye yet.*

THE rose has its thorn and the bee has its sting;
Life's sweets and its bitters, thegither they spring;
Come baith then or either! cry welcome! nor hing
The head, and grow dowie wi' thinking o't.

CHORUS.

Wi' thinking o't, wi' thinking o't,
Hing the head and grow dowie wi' thinking o't ;—
Let us laigh when we can, let us bear when we maun,
And leave fools to grow dowie wi' thinking o't.

Let Fortune look black or look blithe to our view !
Our friends be they many, our friends be they few !
Since we warstled sae lang, we shall e'en warstle
through,

Nor stick by the gate wi' the thinking o't.

CHORUS.

Wi' thinking o't, wi' thinking o't,
Nor stick by the gate wi' the thinking o't ;—
Let us beek i'the sun ; let us scug i'the rain,
Nor add to its pelting wi' thinking o't.

For what tho' the clouds look fu' drumly and drear !
For what tho' the winds whistle loud in our ear !
Whan the road is sae short and the inn is sae near,
What gowk wad stand sighing and thinking o't ?

CHORUS.

Wi' thinking o't, wi' thinking o't !
What gowk wad stand sighing and thinking o't ?
Be't uphill or down, an' our legs keep but soun',
Paidle on ! paidle on ! nor stand thinking o't.

SONG.

IT'S TWA HOURS OR THE DAWIN'.

CHORUS.

We'll a' be merry in our auld claes !

We'll a' be merry in our auld claes !

We'll a' be merry in our auld claes !

For fear we dinna get new *.

It's twa hours or the dawin',

Oh ! wha daur speak o' ga'in' ?

The first that ca's the lawin',

The loon ! shall pay it too.

* The Chorus is old.

CHORUS.—*We'll a' be merry, &c.*

The night is a' our ain, boys !

We ne'er may meet again, boys !

The gowk may he never be fain, boys !

That winna be fain e'en now.

SONG.

TO WARE UPON A CAULDRIFE CUIF.

Tune—*Aha ! Johnnie lad.*

CHORUS.

AHA ! Betty lass ! ye're no sae kind's ye sud ha' been,

Aha ! Betty lass, ye're no sae kind's ye sud ha' been.

To ware, upon a cauldriſe cuif,

Thae temptin' lips and roguiſh e'en ;—

An' leave a lad o' pith and proof:

Ye're no ſae kind's ye ſud hae been !

CHORUS.—*Aha ! Betty, laſs, &c.*

What tho' the carle hae lands and gear,—

A ſapleſs trunk no worth a preen !

Ye've coft, I trow, his rigs fu' dear :—

Ye're no ſae kind's ye ſud ha' been !

CHORUS.—*Aha ! Betty, laſs, &c.*

In frets and fykes the day to paſs,

To gaunt and grumble a' the e'en ;—

Puir paſtime for a bonnie laſs !

Ye're no ſae kind's ye ſud ha' been !

CHORUS.—*Aha! Betty, lass, &c.*

But past is past—e'en do your best!

In troth you were a canty queen,
And weel deserv'd a happier cast,—
Ye're no sae kind's ye sud ha' been!

SONG.

OH! LASSIE, COURTING'S UNCO SWEET!

Tune—*Lick the ladle, Sandie.*

CHORUS.

OH! lassie, courting's unco sweet!

Then wharefore sud we end it?

I'm fear'd, my dow, the marriage-tow

Will mar our joy, no mend it.

Behold the flower, its native bower

Wi' native sweets adorning !

Your chamber fair, go place it there !

Its bloom is tint ere morning.

CHORUS.—*Oh ! lassie, &c.*

Yon lintwhites, through the simmer air,

How blithe they wing thegither !

But let a cage enclose the pair,

How soon their loves will wither !

CHORUS.—*Oh ! lassie, &c.*

What though nor lang nor aft we meet,—

A tryst whan stown how pleasing !

Oh ! wha wad quit an hour sae sweet,

For months dull, drowf, and teasing !

CHORUS.—*Oh ! lassie, &c.*

The honey drappin' liquid clear,

The sweet o' sweets ye rank it ;—

But feast on honey for a year,

And wormwood were a banquet.

SONG.

DAUGHTER OF GALLIA.

(From the French.)

Tune—*Robin Adair.*

DAUGHTER of Gallia, thy lost fortunes mourn !

Thy warriors are gone, and thy laurels are torn ;

Proud foes thy riches share,
Tyrants thy sceptre bear ;
No hand to help thee near,
Daughter forlorn !

Where is the arm that thy victories won ?
Is he deaf to thy cry, thy once favourite son ?
Far from his darling land,
Chain'd by a cowardly band,
He droops on a foreign strand,
Friendless alone !

Seasons revolving the flowers may recall,
But lost is her bloom that was queen of them all !
Hark ruffian faction's cry !
Low let the violet lie !

Crush'd, nor a pitying eye

Weep o'er her fall !

Band of oppressors, combin'd to enslave !

Tremble when Vengeance shall whet her red glaive !

By our lost chieftain's moan !

By our ruin'd country's groan !

Such ruth as ye have shown,

Such shall ye have.

G

SONG.

FAREWEEL! AE KISS AND THEN
FAREWEEL!

FAREWEEL! ae kiss, and then—fareweel
 To Mary and her milking shiel;—
 The bugle gies the ca'—away!
 And I maun part, come weal come wae!

The lintwhite seeks the prickly whin,
 And builds her cosey nest within;—
 But the eggs will chip and the birds will flee,
 Lang, lang ere I come back to thee.

The gowan unfaulds its wee white flower,
And the hawthorn buds round my love's bower ;
But the flower will die, and the leaf will fa',
And still the bugle blast will blaw.

Oh ! bathe thy cheek, while the May-dews last,
And screen it frae December's blast !
For simmer will shine, and winter rain,
Ere I shall press thy cheek again.

SONG.

HEY BONNIE LASS, ARE YE WAUKIN'
YET?

Tune—*Hey Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?*

CHORUS.

HEY ! bonnie lass, are ye waukin yet?

Hey ! bonnie lass, are ye waukin yet?

A weary wight, I, shivering, wait

At thy bower-door this morning.

Nae thief thy lanely portal shakes,

Nae wanton ca' thy slumber breaks !—

But love alane, for thy dear sake,

Has brought me here this morning.

CHORUS.—*Hey! bonnie lass, &c.*

Rough's the road, and braid's the muir,

And keenly drifts the wintry stour!

I left my hame, at midnight hour,

To see thee, sweet! this morning.

CHORUS.—*Hey! bonnie lass, &c.*

The winter's cauld, the winter's win',

The blinding snaw, and weeting rain,—

I'd bide them a', and ne'er complain,

An' thou wad quit thy scorning.

SONG.

DISCRETION AND CARE.

Tune—*Now, Joan, we are married.*

No cynic nor time-batter'd libertine I,
 Who snarl at the feast I no longer enjoy ;
 But by solid experience convinc'd, I declare
 That the best thing in life is discretion and care.

In matters indifferent I move with the throng,
 But I slip from the crowd when I find it go wrong,
 Though of jostling its follies or faults I beware,
 And just jog my own way with discretion and care.

To good-humour no foe, I can bumper a glass,
In a health to my friend or a toast to my lass :—
But beauty's bewitching and wine is a snare,
So I taste of them both with discretion and care.

I'm a friend to the subject, a friend to the crown,
Tho' politics trouble me little, I own ;
For the business of state is the statesman's affair,
So I stick to my own with discretion and care.

But since life, like my ballad, tho' tedious, must
end,—

When I flit to the next, if fate leave me a friend,
Let him rear me a stone, and this line let it bear—
He pass'd thro' the world with discretion and care.

SONG.

WHEN WANDERING OUT MY LANE
YESTREEN.Tune—*What is that to you ?***W**HEN wandering out my lane yestreen,

The sun was wearin' low,

Young Rob cam linkin' down the glen,

And met me at the knowe.

He prais'd the glancin' o' my ee,

He prais'd my rosy mou' ;

He staw—but nane was there to see,—

Then what's the theft to you ?

The lintwhite chanted frae the brae,

The laverock frae the sky ;—

Ah ! wha could heed their sweetest lay,

When sic a lad was by ?

He spak—'twas rapture but to hear !—

O' love and lovers true ;

He spak—but nane was listenin' near,

Then what's our tauk to you ?

My hand he press'd, and pressing, sued

For hope wi' sic an air ;

Oh ! hard had been the heart and rude,

That left him to despair.

A prayer deserv'd, so sweetly press'd,

Returning sweetness too ;—

I blush'd—but what my blush confess'd,

Ah ! what is that to you ?

SONG.

NOVEMBER BLEAK, THY BLAST SO LOUD.

Tune—*Wi' broken words and downcast eyes.*

NOVEMBER bleak ! thy blast sae loud,

Than spring's saft breath to me is dearer ;

Thy barren field and leafless wood,

Than simmer's waving verdure fairer.

Thou gavest me life and light to know,

To thee, sweet source of all my pleasure,

My Betsy's plighted love I owe,—
Than light or life a dearer treasure.

Can I forget the blushing grace,
With which her trembling hand was given?
Can I forget the dear embrace,
That seal'd the vow she breath'd to heaven?

Forget I may—o'er memory's fields,
In search of bliss I needna wander,
Since every passing minute yields
Delights as pure, and scenes as tender.

They say that hope gies love his wings,
Enjoyment clips each downy feather;
'Tis fause the love frae reason springs,
Enjoyment blaws and beets it rather.

As misers wi' their gowd, the mair

I view, the langer that I ha'e thee,

Sweet partner o' my joy and care !

The mair I prize, the mair I lo'e thee.

SONG.

THE DUCK'S DUNG O'ER MY DADDIE !

CHORUS.

THE duck's dung o'er my dad, quo' the wean,

The duck's dung o'er my daddie.

An' what's the matter, quo' the guidwife,

He's but a puir daidlin' bodie.

He hosts and he hirples, he's bleert and he's blin',
There's nocht o' him left but the banes and the skin;
Ye may hip o'er his name whan ye're counting your
 kin,
For he's but a puir daidlin' bodie.

CHORUS.—*The duck's dung o'er, &c.*

An e'er he had temper, wi' me he had nane;
An e'er he had pith, wi' his temper it's gane;
His days are a' grumble, his nights are a' grane;
Oh! dool on the daidlin' bodie!

CHORUS.—*The duck's dung o'er, &c.*

Oh! I ance had a lad,—an' I ha'e na him still,
'Tis for want o' the wit and no want o' the will—

Wi' mair worth in his finger than what's in the hale
O' sic a puir daidlin' bodie.

CHORUS.—*The duck's dung o'er, &c.*

Oh ! gleg as a hawk's was the glent o' his e'e !
As like my sweet wean's as a pea's to a pea !
Fowk ca't him thy dad, and fair change wad it be
For sic a puir daidlin' bodie !

SONG.

I AM COME TO SEEK A WIFE.

Tune—*Our gudewife's awa' to Drem.*

I AM comé to seek a wife,

Lassie, wilt thou quit thy daddie ?

Quit a maiden's cauldrie life,
And gang and be a farmer's lady ?

CHORUS.

Fair lassie ! dear lassie !
Muckle I'se mak o' thee, lassie ;—
Baith but and ben thou shalt be queen,
An' thou wilt gang wi' me, lassie.

I've a hadden yont the law,
A wee bit land and weel stockit ;
A bassened yad and owsen twa,
Better ne'er in plough was yocket.

CHORUS.—*Fair lassie, &c.*

I've a grist come frae the mill,
O' bridal bread we'se no be scantie ;

I hae brewed a lade o' yill ;

An' a', my dearie, to content thee.

CHORUS.—*Fair lassie, &c.*

Tell me shall't be yea or nay ?

Dinna hing thy head and swither !

An' thou wilt na wi' me gae,

I maun aff and try anither.

CHORUS.—*Fair lassie, &c.*

SONG.

THE WIND THEREOUT MAY RAIR.

Tune—*For a' that and a' that.*

THE win' thereout may rair and rout,

The drift may whirl and a' that,

The fire we'll stir, the door we'll bar,
And tak our glass for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
The winter's cauld and a' that ;
The wisest part's to heat the heart,—
The snellest frost it thaws that.

Let bardies sing the sweets o' spring,
The bloomin' flowers and a' that ;
The friendly bowl and friendly soul
Are mair than match for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their wimpling streams and a' that ;—

H

Oh ! gie to me the barley bree !

The stream o' streams for a' that.

The canting race may screw the face,

Cast up the een and a' that ;—

But grane or grunt we'll tak our strunt,

And scorn the fules for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that and a' that,

Their holy shaw and a' that ;—

The social plan's the plan for man,

And gowks are they that thraw that.

A health to ilka honest chield,

Can take his glass and a' that ;

May poortith never find his bield !

His heart ne'er sorrow gnaw that !

CHORUS.

And a' that, and a' that,
May gladsome glee, and a' that,
Be with the man that likes his can,
And likes his friend, and a' that.

SONG.

NOW WINTER FLEES SAE DARK AND
DREARY.

Tune—*There's my hand I'll ne'er beguile thee.*

Now winter' flees sae dark and dreary !

Nights sae lang and days sae eerie !

The fields throw aff their robes o' mourning,

Spring and a' her sweets returning.

On ilka brae the gowan is springing,
On ilka buss the lintwhite's singing ;
The bee hums round collecting treasure,
Nature wakes to love and pleasure !

What can stay my winsome Mary ?
What can mak my lassie tarry ?
Can the smoky town delight her,
Whan sae mony sweets invite her ?

O'er the field the ploughman whistles,
Down the glen the west wind rustles,
Echo saftenin' and repeating
Shepherd's cry and lammie's bleating.

Dowie out at morn I wander,
Dowie hame at e'en I daunder,—

Fields and a' their charms untenting,

Mary's absent charms lamenting !

Come then, sweetest ! nae mair swither—

Fancy's fickle, flowers will wither ;—

Spring and love what power can stay them ?

Oh ! taste them, May ! as lang's you ha'e them.

SONG.

SIC A DAY, SIC FUN AND PLAY !

Tune—*The Highlandman that kiss'd his mother.*

Sic a day, sic fun and play !

Lothian ne'er saw sic anither,

Whan Highland Jock a marrow took,
Sae laith was he to leave his mither !

CHORUS.

Oh the dancin' ! oh the prancin' !
Lads and hizzies a' thegither ;—
Oh the claps ! and oh the smacks !
That Highland Jock ga'e till his mither.

The bride gaed mim, like Quaker prim,
And Jock like cauf that's led in tether,
And ay a glent he threw ahint,
For fear that he sud tine his mither.

CHORUS.—*Oh the dancin' ! &c.*

The service said, auld Blackcoat pray'd
They lang might live and like ilk ither.—

Now kiss your bride, guidman ! he cried ;

Quo' Jock, I'd rather kiss my mither.

CHORUS.—*Oh the dancin' ! &c.*

The night was wat, and late we sat,

And muckle sport we gat thegither ;

We toom'd the glass to ilka lass ;—

And Jock—he toom'd it to his mither.

CHORUS.—*Oh the dancin' ! &c.*

At length the bride in bed was laid,

The auld guidwife slade till the ither ;

Jock clew his pow, and cried, I vow,

I'd rather creep in wi' my mither.

CHORUS.—*Oh the dancin' ! &c.*

SONG.

TO DAUNTON ME AND DING ME DOWN.

Tune—*To daunton me.*

CHORUS.

To daunton me and ding' me down,
 And streek me out upon a rung,--
 That's the thing that will daunton me !
 But it's no born yet that will daunton me.

I ne'er was rich, and I ne'er shall be,
 But I ay ha'e a plack whan a friend I meet wi' ;

Tho' my purse be light, my heart is free ;—
For it's no born yet that will daunton me.

CHORUS.—*To daunton me, &c.*

An fortune come, e'en may she sae !
An fortune gae, e'en let her gae !
Blaw she foul ! blaw she fair ! I carena a flee ;—
For it's no born yet that will daunton me.

CHORUS.—*To daunton me, &c.*

A bonnie lass I lo'e right weel,
As lang as she's kind I'm her servant leal ;—
But I'se ne'er tine my rest for the blink of an ee ;—
For it's no born yet that will daunton me.

CHORUS.—*To daunton me, &c.*

To the Kirk I wish weel, I wish weel to the State,
But wi' preachings and parties I wrack na my pate;
Be they right be they wrang, it's a' ane to me,—
For it's no born yet that will daunton me.

SONG.

FIRST WHAN NELLY AND I FELL IN.

Tune—*Were na my heart light I wad die.*

FIRST whan Nelly and I fell in,
Nae lass o' a laddie was ever sae fain;
But now whan I meet her, her head gaes aje,—
Oh! were na my heart light I wad die!

A bleerit auld carle cam in frae the wast,
Wi' clear-plated spurs and a high trotting beast,
And a gay gowden chain that hang down to his knee;
Oh ! were na my heart light I wad die !

Nelly was twenty saving twae,—
A cheek like the rose and an ee like the slae !
The silly auld carle was saxty and three ;—
Oh ! were na my heart light I wad die !

The carle has sheep, the carle has kine,
The carle has gowd, an' I hae nane ;
And gear against love ! 'tis a pund to a flee !—
Oh ! were na my heart light I wad die !

SONG.

SAIR-FAIL'D NANNIE.

Tune—*Ay wat an' wat.*

CHORUS.

SAIR fail'd, Nannie!

Sair fail'd now!

Sair fail'd, Nannie,

Syn I kenn'd you *!

Whan you and I first met,

Few in Lothian peer'd thee;

For me—altho' I say't,

He had been bauld that steer'd me.

* The chorus is old.

CHORUS.—*Sair fail'd, &c.*

Strongest arm maun fail,

Brightest bloom maun wither ;

Let time crack the shell !

The core defies him ever.

CHORUS.—*Sair fail'd, &c.*

Mony a darg we've wrought,

Syn we met thegither ;

Mony a faught we've fought,—

But ne'er wi' ane anither.

CHORUS.—*Sair fail'd, &c.*

Crazed and worn wi' eild,

Still we're fond as ever !

Death his dart may wield,

Our loves he downa sever.

SONG.

THE WIN' THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY.

Tune the same.

TIS Nelly's voice, I ken'd fu' weel,
That echoes frae the sunny bield ;
“ Oh ! twine thou smooth my winsome wheel,
And turn thou swift and cheerly !

“ To suthron lands now rows the sun,
Our lanely task will soon be done ;
I hear its welcome sough come on,
The win' that shakes the barley !

“ Its breath the bark perceives fu’ fain,
It speeds her owre the distant main ;
And bears my sailor hame again,
The lad I lo’e sae dearly !

“ Hark ! how it shakes the auld ash tree !
Nae tune that lips did ever lea’,
Gies hauf the blissfu’ thrill to me
As the win’ that shakes the barley !”

SONG.

OH MERRILY SET THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

Tune—*The Quaker's wife.*

CHORUS.

OH ! merrily set the quaker's wife !

Oh ! merrily did she reel, man !

Nae fairy wight e'er lap sae light,

Nor hit the notes sae weel, man !

That quakers have an inward light

Let nane as fancy view, man !

For a' that watched her ee that night,

Can witness that it's true, man !

CHORUS.—*Oh ! merrily, &c.*

That quakers feel a moving sp'rit,
Is no an idle notion ;
For naething less could gie her feet
Sic harmony of motion.

CHORUS.—*Oh ! merrily, &c.*

The quaker's wife's a witching dame ;
The quaker's wearin' auld, man !
And should neist winter ca' him hame,—
She sha'na die for cauld, man !

SONG.

OF ALL THE MAIDS THAT DECK OUR
TOWN.Tune—*Nancy Dawson.*

OF all the maids that deck our town,
Or short, or tall, or fair, or brown,
Or rich, or poor, the queen and crown
Is lovely Jessie Dawson.

Wi' een sae gleg, and yet sae sweet,
Wi' form and features sae complete ;
Ye'll seek through life before ye meet
A match to Jessie Dawson.

Her voice so saft, and yet sae clear !

Sae steals the heart—sae charms the ear !

'Twad light despair wi' smiles to hear

A sang frae Jessie Dawson.

And o'er the floor to see her fling ;

Her beat sae true ! sae light her fling !

The fays, I trow, might quat their ring

To learn frae Jessie Dawson.

But did I sing, or did I say,

A winter's night, a summer's day,—

I wad na hauf the charms display

Of peerless Jessie Dawson.

For what may words or wit like mine,

To paint a lass so near divine ?

Then gallants, if ye've hearts to tine,

Beware o' Jessie Dawson !

SONG.

SIMMER BREEZES BLAW, LOVE!

Tune—*Knit the pockie.*

CHORUS.

Simmer breezes blaw, love !

Care beguiling nature's smiling,

Wilt thou to the shaw, love,

For ae hauf hour wi' me ?

THE primrose scents the shady braes ;

The gowan her wee white bud displays ;

Wi' safter din the burnie plays ;

Oh ! wilt thou gang wi' me ?

CHORUS.—*Simmer breezes, &c.*

Their mellow notes the blackbirds pour ;
The lintwhites flit frae bower to bower ;
Far up the lift the laverocks tower ;
Oh ! wilt thou gang wi' me ?

CHORUS.—*Simmer breezes, &c.*

'Tis no to see the primrose spring,
'Tis no to hear the blackbird sing,
Or watch the laverock's lessening wing,
I'd have thee gang wi' me.

CHORUS.—*Simmer breezes, &c.*

That I may tell to thy sweet ear,
Wi' nocht but heaven and thee to hear,
How long I've loved, and oh ! how dear !
I'd have thee gang wi' me.

SONG.

THE HAIL IT MAY RATTLE, THE SNAW
IT MAY FA'.

Tune—*Saw ye Eppie Macnab yestreen?*

THE hail it may rattle, the snaw it may fa';
The drift let it drive and the blast let it blaw!
We're scugget fu' snug wi' a weel-bigget wa',
Then round wi' the bottle, and laugh at them a'.

Your whig and your tory may rive and may rin,
A pension to keep or a pension to win;—
A cheat's but a cheat, be he great be he sma';
Then round wi' the bottle and laugh at them a'.

The tyrant of high or of humble degree ;
The slave, be it little or muckle his fee ;
Fule or knave, stand his stool in the kitchen or ha' ;
Swith ! round wi' the bottle and laugh at them a'.

But the man wha can stand to his friend and his fae,
Wha bauldly can think and as bauldly can say,—
He's welcome, be pomp or be poortith his fa',
To our hearts, to our hame, to our bottle and a'.

SONG.

FAREWELL, FOR THE NIGHT CLOUD IS
GATHERING FAST.

FAREWELL ! for the night cloud is gathering fast ;
I hear the low moan of the leaf-strewing blast.
Full dreary and dark the lone wood-path will be,
Full dreary and dark—for it leads me from thee.

Farewell ! From thy window the watch light display,
I shall catch its small beam when I'm far on my way ;
And if a chance bough or a leaf intervene,
I shall bless the faint shadow, and fancy't my Jean.

SONG.

AND DO I SEE THY AIN SWEET SMILE?

AND do I see thy ain sweet smile,

And hear thy ain sweet voice again?

Reward and mair for a' my toil!

And art thou? art thou still my ain?

Oh! mony a weary mile forlorn

I've trod, and mony a land I've seen,

And mony a cross and care I've borne,

Since last I met my bonnie Jean!

I've sought for peace in wealth's embrace,
I've sought her in the ranks of fame ;
In vain I urged the fruitless chace,
Peace dwells wi' thee and love at hame.

SONG.

OH DOWIE DOWIE COMES THE MORN !

Tune—*Waly waly, up yon bank.*

OH ! dowie dowie comes the morn !

And dowie dowie flees the day !

And dowie dowie rows the lang lang night,

Since my true love was wed away.

The spring wild winter's waste repairs,
And cleads wi' gowans ilka lea ;
The lintwhite chirps and the laverock sings,
And a' the world is blithe but me.

Wi' tentless stap at e'enin fa'
I wander up the heathery hill ;—
Ah ! nae kind welcome meets me there,
But a' is lanely, sad, and still.

I sit me on our trystin stane,
I lean me to our trystin tree ;
The stane is cauld like my widowed heart,
And the tree is withered and bent like me.

SONG.

WHILE NATURE, STEEPED IN DEW, IS
STILL.

Tune—*The shepherd's wife cries o'er the hill.*

WHILE nature, steeped in dew, is still,
Long ere the mist has climbed the hill,
Or the Lark has rung his matin shrill,
The Shepherd forth must roam

To hail the sun from the lonely height,
Where he wanders till gloaming fade in night,
And the star of love hang out her light
To guide his footsteps home.

In summer's heats, in winter's snows,
He tastes no hours of dull repose ;
But still the harder the wild wind blows,
The harder are his toils.

But what are his toils when his cot draws near,
And its hum falls soft on his raptured ear ?
With its blazing hearth, and its homely cheer,
And its dear-loved inmates' smiles ?

SONG.

THE WIN' BLAWS LOUD WI' ANGRY
THUD.

Tune—*As Jamie Gay gaed blithe his way.*

THE win' blaws loud wi' angry thud,
And battering drives the rain ;

And faint the gleam of the pale moon beam

O'er the dark and troubled main.

Oh ! hard thy lot, poor fisher's boat,

With wind and water toiled ;

Haste seek the cove, nor longer rove,

In a night sae waste and wild !

Safe from the shore I hear thy roar,

Auld ocean, without fear ;

But the world's a sea as fickle as thee,

As dinsome and as drear ;

As hard to bide its changing tide,

Its shelves as ill to shun ;

Then happy he, who, safe like me,

The cove of peace has won !

My toils are few, but just enow

To make my leisure sweet ;

My means are sma', my wishes a',

My means, though sma', can meet.

With a healthy frame, a mind the same,

Earth's best and dearest prize !

A heart that feels auld nature's ills,

And feels too nature's joys !

Content I sip life's ebbing cup,

Still minding its decline ;

Nor wish I have but that he who gave

May keep these blessings mine.

And when night comes on, and the feast is done,

Not lingering nor yet sour,

To a younger race I'll quit my place,
Since I have sat my hour.

SONG.

WHEN THE DOVE FROM THE ARK BY
THE PATRIARCH WAS SENT.

Tune—*Todlin' hame.*

WHEN the dove from the ark by the Patriarch
was sent,
Still fluttering and circling, and fearing she went;
But brisk beat her pinions, as backward she came,
And straight was her course, for it led to her hame.

CHORUS.

Todlin out' and todlin' in ;—

But the road is ay blithest whan todlin' hame.

Around her the waters invitingly lay ;
They flash'd to the sunbeam, and courted her stay ;
Yet she turn'd her, nought lingering, the road that
she came,—

For all was unstable and could but her hame.

CHORUS.—*Todlin' out, &c.*

Oh hame ! blest hame ! has nature or art
A sound like that word that gaes straight to the
heart ?

All grandeur, all glory, how tasteless ! how tame !
To the sober delights of my ain quiet hame !

CHORUS.—*Todlin' out, &c.*

There my griefs, when I grieve, are still patiently
heard ;

There my joys, when I joy, are still kindest shar'd ;

In poortith, in wealth, in reproach, or in fame,
The dear smile of welcome ay waits me at hame !

CHORUS.—*Todlin' out, &c.*

SONG.

A SINGLE LIFE'S A CAULDRIFE LIFE.

Tune—*There's nae luck about the house.*

A SINGLE life's a cauldride life,

A married's better far,—

But a married man without his wife,

In troth there's naething waur.

CHORUS.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a' ;

There's nae luck about the house,
When our guidwife's awa !

He's just a ship, her rudder lost,
Her pilot tint his skill,
That wanders on, her purpose crossed,
Blaw winds howe'er they will !

CHORUS.—*There's nae luck, &c.*

Whenever our gudewife's awa,
I canna rest a blink ;
I ha'e nae heart to work at a',
I canna sit to think.

CHORUS.—*There's nae luck, &c.*

I wander out, I wander in,
And ilka thing's a fike ;

My ain fireside I hardly ken,

It looks sae unco like !

CHORUS.—*There's nae luck, &c.*

I canna bide to taste of joy,

Because she maunna share't ;—

And grief confounds whan she's no by

To teach me how to bear't.

CHORUS.—*There's nae luck, &c.*

The sun looks cauld in simmer pride,

Baith land and sea are dull ;

The hale wide world's an eerie void,

That nocht but she can fill.

CHORUS.—*There's nae luck, &c.*

Then twirl thy wheels, my boatie, roun' !

And hasten back our dame !

For troth the house is on its crown

Sae lang as she's frae hame !

CHORUS.—*There's nae luck, &c.*

SONG.

OH! NELLY, THOU ART A' SAE FAIR.

Tune—*Bush aboon Traquair.*

OH! Nelly, thou art a' sae fair !

Whene'er I stand before thee,

My tongue grows stiff, I canna mair

But gaze on and adore thee.

Fain fain I'd tell the pangs I feel,
And daurna for thy anger ;
Yet speak I must, my heart will burst,
If I conceal them langer.

That ee o' blue may aiblins rue
On hapless me despairin' ;
That mouth sae sweet wad sure regret
A wretch's doom declarin'.

Oh ! if thy love I douna move,—
Thy heart a happier share it ;—
Fate's swiftest dart, come pierce my heart
Before the truth I hear it.

SONG.

NOW WINTER QUILTS THE FROZEN PLAIN.

Tune—*Whar will our gudeman lie?*

Now winter quits the frozen plain,—
 And whirling drift and plashing rain;
 Blithe Spring, wi' a' her laughing train,
 Frae southron lands returnin'.

To leafy shaws the robins flee,
 The bee hums busy o'er the lea,
 And flowerets glance in Phoebus' ee,
 Sae late his absence mournin'.

Amang the whins, wild warbling clear,
The lintwhites welcome back the year ;
Nae broken vow the lintwhites fear,
Nae cruel fair's disdaining.

In vain to me unfaulds the flower,
In vain the birdie charms the bower,—
But change, wild winter's withering power,
Within my bosom reigning.

SONG.

CAN YOU QUIT THE TALL MANSIONS?

Tune—*I'll gar you be fain to follow wi' me.*

CAN you quit the tall mansions that crowd the gay
town,

For a wee theekit cot that the wild wood waves roun'?

For a rock and a reel, and a plain russet gown?

Then kilt your coatie and follow wi' me !

Can you quit all the gaudery that fashion displays,

For the primrose and gowan that bud on the braes,

Where the shadow sleeps soft and the mountain
brook plays ?

Then kilt your coatie and follow wi' me !

Can you bid the sweet sounds of the harp a good bye,

For the chant of the lark as she winnows on high ?

And the lamps of the mall for the lamps of the sky ?

Then kilt your coatie and follow wi' me !

Can you quit the light talk and light loves of the vain,

For converse with heaven on the hill and the plain ?

For peace and a heart that's too honest to feign ?

Then kilt your coatie and follow wi' me !

SONG.

WHAN CAULD O'ER THE DUNYAN THE
BLEAK WIN' IS BLAWIN'.

Tune—*Tho' Leixlip is proud.*

WHAN could o'er the Dunyan the bleak win' is
blawin',

And dowed are the flowers and the fields are a' bare;
And far south the lift the cauld sun, dimly shawin'
Through thick floughting snaw, scarcely lightens
the air ;

Whan dark o'er the warld wild winter is lowering,
To my wee theekit biggin', oh ! let me retire !

Whare, smiling a welcome, sits sweetly allurin',
My cantie wee Bess by a clear burnin' fire.

've just enough gear without needing to borrow ;
Nae o'ercome of walth ever fashes my rest.
I work for to-day, and leave heaven to morrow ;
Peace spreads my plain board, and content gies it
zest.

A cleanly bit housie, and whyles a drap nappie—
Can puir puny mortal ought farther desire ?
While a sonsie sweet lassie, to haud him ay happy,
Sits smiling like May at the side of his fire.

SONG.

DOWN AMANG THE BROOM, THE BROOM.

Tune—*Braw, braw lads.*

DOWN amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom a roamin';
The bonniest lass that e'er I saw,
I met amang the broom at gloamin.

The simmer lift was cloudless blue ;
But Marion's ee what blue could peer it ?
The blackbird's farewell note was sweet ;—
But Marion's voice what note cam' near it ?

Amang the grass upon the moor,
Wi' leaves hauf closed, hang down the gowan ;
Sweet emblem of the lowly maid,
Her cheeks wi' nature's blushes glowing !

Nae dame is she of high degree,
A simple farmer is her daddie ;
But the proudest fair in England's court,
She'd shame her in a simple plaidie.

A snood of brown, her brow around,
Her locks of waving jet confined them ;
But were I king of England's court,
I'd count my crown o'er poor to bind them.

SONG.

THE GENERAL MAY TALK OF THE
FEATS OF HIS SWORD.Tune—*Lumps of pudding.*

THE general may talk of the feats of his sword,
 The monarch of millions that bend at his word ;
 I boast of a nobler employment than they,
 Myself and my passions to conquer and sway.

With plots let the statesman go muddle his pate,
 Because this kingdom's little and that kingdom's
 great !

The balance, alone worth the thought of an hour,
 Is the balance of mind, not the balance of power.

If my neighbour grow rich, am I poorer for that ?
Will my sides grow lean because his are grown fat ?
Will my envy of his add a doit to my purse ?
Or my fortune grow better 's my temper grows
worse ?

If I'm sick (for the soundest fall sick now and then)
Will losing my patience give ease to my pain ?
Let's be quiet then, till clearly this point's under-
stood,—

That a fever of mind cures a fever of blood.

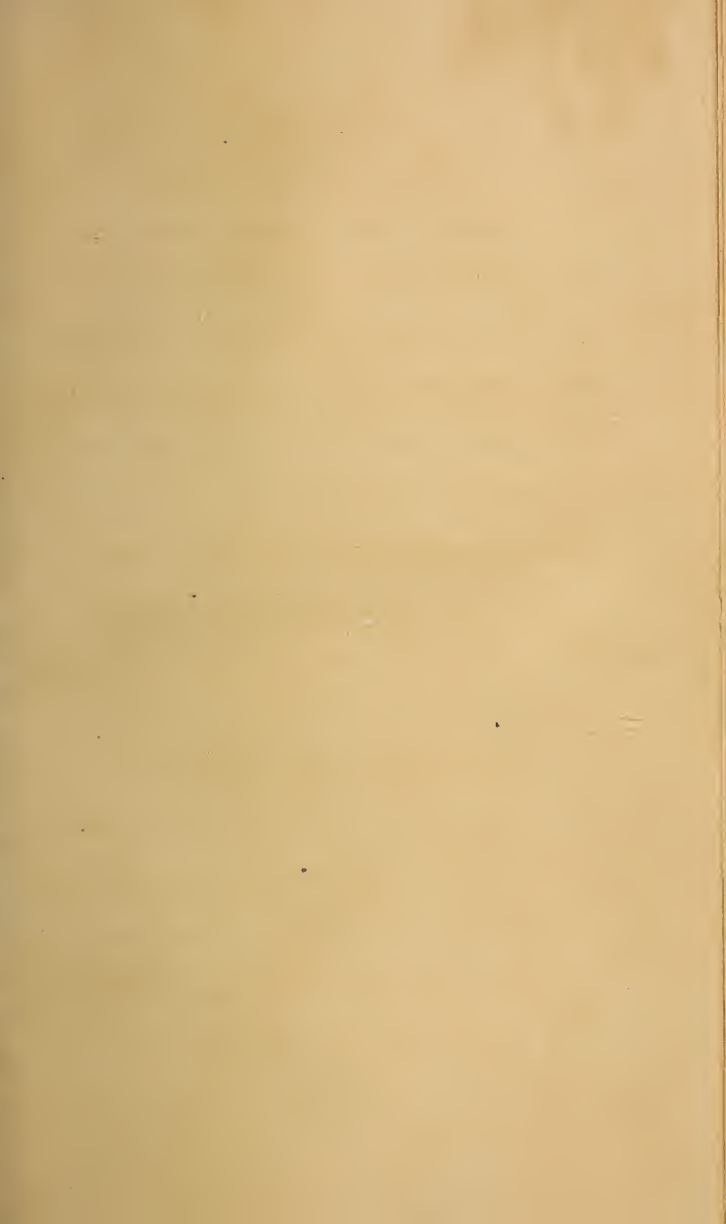
Come the worst ! why in tears sit us down and de-
plore ?

The louder the tempest the sooner it's o'er.

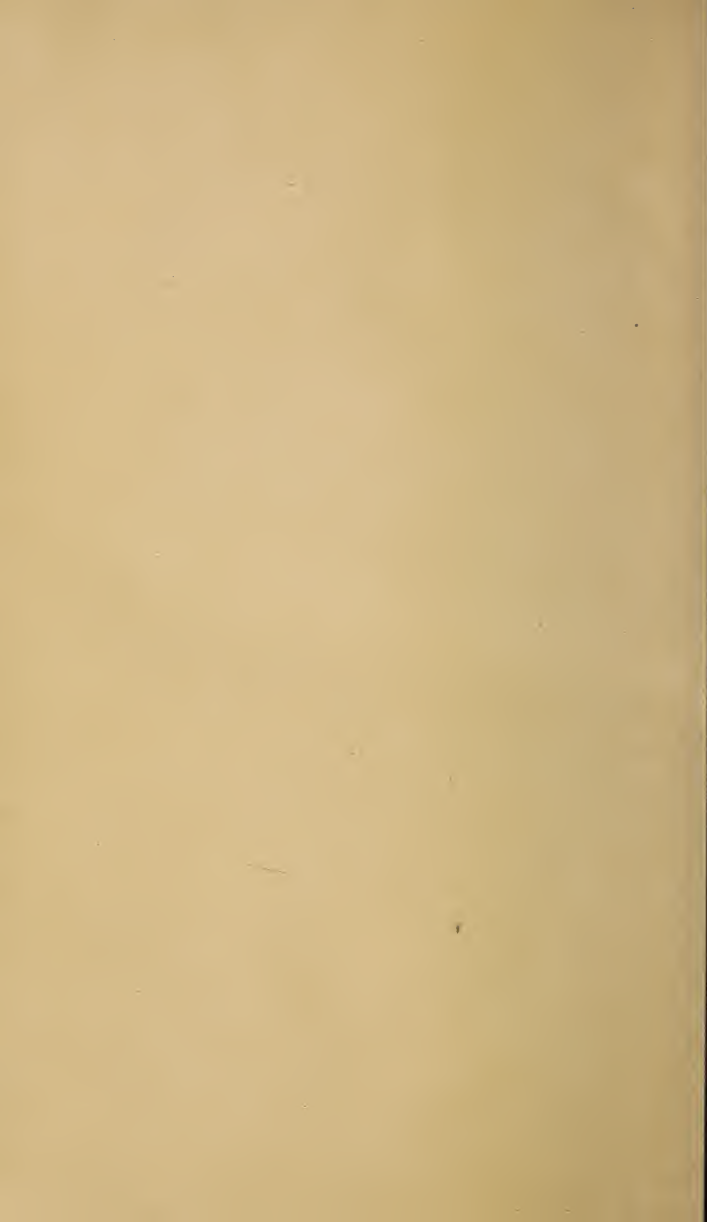
If without there be nothing but darkness and din,
Bar the door, and let hope light the candle within.

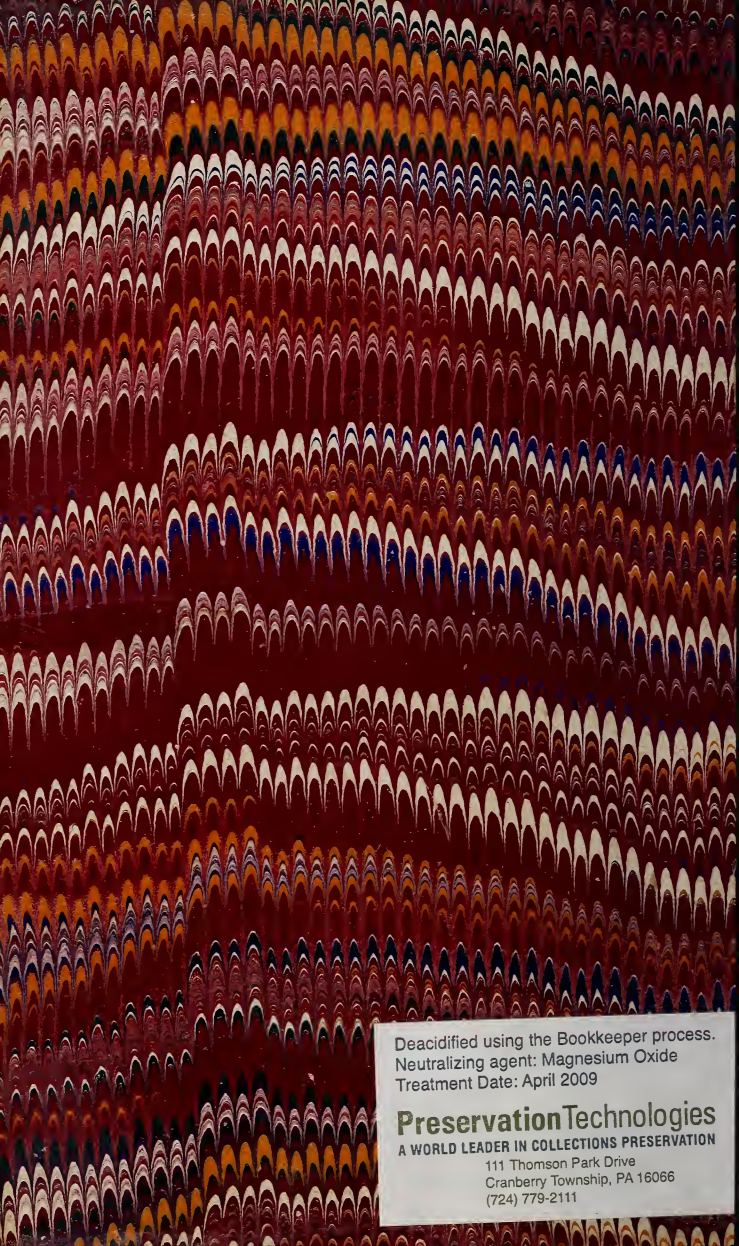
And since life's but a day in the spring time at best,
Now shining now show'ring, a calm and a blast ;
Let us lump them together, the wet and the dry,
And jog on content to the inn where we lie !

FINIS.









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2009

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